

P S

3525
033 R3
1914

The Rainbow Road and Other Verse



BY
MARY CAMPBELL MONROE



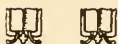
Class PS3525
Book 033 R3
Copyright No. 1914

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

The Rainbow Road

and

Other Verse



BY
MARY CAMPBELL MONROE

PG 3525
.033 R3
1914

©Cl.A380376

no. 2, \$90

COPYRIGHT 1914

by

MARY CAMPBELL, MONROE

DEDICATION

SEP 16 1914

THIS book is dedicated with deepest affection to the memory of my Father, who believed in humanity ; loved and respected his work ; feared no thing and no one ; whose vision of life was broad and noble ; who recognized his God in all things and in all creeds that made better a world of living men and women ; whose life was sensible, plain, and practical. An inspiration and benediction, making a world better for his coming.

DEDICATION

For the men who have friended the hearts of men,
Who have soothed the children's cry,
And lifted the least to a higher plain,
And found for a soul its sky;
Who have stormed life's struggles without defile,
And braved its odds with a kindly smile;
Who have counted their labor a sacred trust,
And lent its nobility in deeds that were just;
There's a wail in the wind
And a moan in the mind,
When that spirit goes passing by.

And out of that night, O Father mine,
There was wail of wind
And moan of mind,
When thy spirit went passing by

THE RAINBOW ROAD

There's a highway that leads from the sky line,
That bends in a circling bow,
It gleams in many a color—
And if over it ever you go,
You will find your lost Hopes by this road-side,
With lost Youth in the same abode,
And the Dreams you have dreamed will all greet you,
When you travel the Rainbow Road.

Have you never once longed for the Rainbow Road,
With its colors so rich and so rare?
Have you never once started to follow the trail,
That bends far into the air?
Have you never once felt its wonder;
Counted gifts that it might unload,
If you reached the skyline and made the start
To travel the Rainbow Road?

O what joy would be ours on the Rainbow Road
Could we travel it day by day!
And find our lost Hopes and our Dreams once more,
And greet our lost Youth by the way—
To be led back again to the childhood days,
And there find the old abode;
If this be the goal of the bending trail,
Let me travel the Rainbow Road.

THE LAND WHERE THE LOST THINGS GO

There's a quaint lone land where the lost things go,
Where the year times have led them away,
And would they return, of this land we might learn,
But the lost things have gone to stay;
They once strolled away, to that strange land one day;
The way to it none of us know,
That quaint lone land in a far-by place,
The land where the lost things go.

There are things that we lost in the playtime of life,
And each year new losses we bore,
They have never returned, and the way is unlearned,
And we long for the lost things more,
But they once strolled away, in that strange land to stay;
The way to it none of us know,
That quaint lone land in a far-by place,
The land where the lost things go.

O the honor—the hearts—and the hopes— that have gone,
To the land where the lost things go,
And the tears that are shed, for the things that have fled,
The God-Heart alone can know;
For they once strolled away, in that strange land to stay,
The way to it none of us know,
That quaint lone land in a far-by place,
The land where the lost things go.

A TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN

—His humor was a bank account God gave him which he
well invested.

(Suggested by Kipling's L'envoi)

His earth's last page is written,
His pens are laid aside;
He has taken that long long journey
And drifted far out on the tide.
Away the great death wave has borne him,
From the life shore of care and of strife,
But we find he is still among us,
A part of the great page of life.

On that journey that has no turning,
That ends in the sleep of life,
Where rest for the weary traveler
Is awaiting earth's toil and earth's strife;
Far out on his way he has drifted,
In that slumber so calm and so deep;
For God understands when his children,
Have earned the gift of sleep.

A great and noble spirit,
Whose mission was so divine;
For cheer, God's cheer, was the blessing,
That he measured out to time;
Such mission has not its ending,
In the sleep that rounds earth's strife,
For he is still among us,
A part of the great page of life.

THE TEENY WEE MAN

There's a teeny wee man from the land of love,
A teeny wee man, you know,
He carries a pack that is crammed full of hearts,
With arrows, as well as a bow,
And with many keen darts,
How he shoots at our hearts,
With his arrows sent out by his bow;
The teeny wee man from the land of love,
The teeny wee man, you know.

Though a teeny wee man he has a big heart,
And a mouth like a rosebud, you know,
And wee chubby fists and big angel eyes,
With love light that sets them aglow—
And kisses as soft as butterfly kisses,
And whatever he aims at, he never once misses;
He's as sure of his aim, as he is of his bow;
This teeny wee man from the land of love,
The teeny wee man, you know.

Yes—the teeny wee man has a hobby for hearts,
This teeny wee man, you know,
He grabs here a heart and he grabs there a heart,
To him hearts are always the go,
And he puts two together and makes them a one,
And chuckles away until it is done,
If you ask, you will find what I tell you is so—
Ask the teeny wee man from the land of love,
The teeny wee man, you know.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

It is everybody's business,
At this Christmas Time of ours,
To make the faces, pale and sad,
As bright as are the flowers,
So that all the shabby little waifs—
Wherever they may be,
May taste the fruit of joy that drops,
From off a Christmas Tree .

It is everybody's business,
Upon a Christmas Day,
To feel those joyous thrills that come—
Life blessings by the way,
When hearts and thoughts grow tender,
Unto the least of these,
As led by us, they taste the fruit,
That falls from Christmas Trees.

It is everybody's business,
When joy is in the air,
To lend a helping hand somewhere,
And of that joy to share,
So that all the shabby little waifs,
Wherever they may be,
May taste the fruit that tumbles down,
From off a Christmas Tree.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Suggested by Hall Caine's masterful poem, "The Mother of the Man", in his reply to Kipling's poem, "The Female of the Species", which was a slur on women and the refrain of which ran, "For the Female of the Species is Deadlier than the Male".

When the God of all Creation saw His labor had been wrought,
In a great potent endeavor that without all else were naught,
Then he gave that touch of finesse which perfected His great plan,
When the female of the species was made Mother to the Man.

Mother of Man's heart—Creator—Mother of Man's power—
Man's might;

Mother of Man's nobler purpose—Mother of Man's source of
right;

Mother of the Man of all time—Mother of Man's breath, Man's
soul;

Mother of Man's future being—Mother of Man's heavenly goal.

Not the scapegoat of the species, not the temptress to the male;
Nor his subject, nor his slave-mate in the line of labor's trail,
But his rest, his guide, his savior, since the rule of life began,
For the female of the species God made Mother to the Man.

And Man knows it—knows forever that the Woman that God
gave him,

She will save him—she will guide him through life's dark by
shadows dim,

And Man knows it—knows forever, that the love within a Mother
is a love that ne'er can fail,

So the female of the species was God's gift unto the male.

And She knows how imperfect had there never been a twain,
How the species's twain were needed else God's handiwork were
vain,

And She knows her state was blessed when the rule of Life
began,

And God—her great Creator—made her Mother to the Man.

THY GIFTS—FATHER, WE THANK THEE

For friendship ties—the old, the new,
For things to see and things to do,
For life—the brave, the good, the true,
Thy gifts—Father—we thank Thee.

For stars that smile from out the sky,
For brooks that laugh and chatter by,
For vines that cling to branches high,
Thy gifts—Father—we thank Thee.

For light of morn, and shade of night,
For sun that shines in lines of light,
For gardens green, and flowers bright,
Thy gifts—Father—we thank Thee.

For baby hearts—their laugh and cry,
For mother and her lullaby,
Home memories that never die,
Thy gifts—Father—we thank Thee.

For hearts where love may enter in,
For peace and calm where strife has been,
Longing for right: hatred for sin,
Thy gifts—Father—we thank Thee.

THE OTHER SCHOOL OF LIFE
(Suggested by Kipling's L'envoi)

When Earth's last lesson is ended,
And the books are laid aside;
When the hardest problem is finished
And the highest honor has died—
We shall rest—ah, yes—we shall need it;
That rest that rounds Earth's strife,
Till the Master shall call the roll
In that other School of Life.

And those, who solved their life problems,
Who tried to brave them all,
Shall be placed in one grade higher,
To answer the Master's call;
And those, who failed their problems,
Who disobeyed Life's rule,
Shall be placed in one grade lower,
To prepare for the Master's School.

For He who holds our record;
Secure within His keep,
Shall know well how to grade us,
In the life that follows sleep—
A school, it is, supplanting
This school of earthly strife,
In which, we are each preparing,
As we live away a life.

KEWPIE EYES
(To Pookah)

Kewpie eyes, so round, so wide, so deep, so bluey blue ;
Kewpie eyes, like sunny skies,
A sparkling like the dew,
And underneath his kewpie eyes,
I spy a kewpie nose,
And smiling under nose and eyes,
A round red kewpie rose ;
A kewpie mouth it is to hide,
Two rows of kewpie pearls inside,
And in each little rosebud cheek,
A kewpie dimple plays ;
From top to toe, from toe to top,
He's full of kewpie ways ;
He is a tiny kewpie elf,
This little animated self.
Go, search for Kewpies, far and near,
You'll find none like our Pookah, dear.

UNCY

When Mother says that he has come,
Us all begins ter jump 'nd run,
For he is just the mostest fun—

Uncy.

He isn't cross ter li'l boys,
'Nd when he comes he brings us toys,
He's full of 'sprises 'nd of joys—

Uncy.

He brings us candy, 'nd corn that pops,
'Nd kites, 'nd whistles, 'nd big red tops,
'Nd then he gives us lolipops—

Uncy.

'Nd then he gets right on the floor,
'Nd makes out b'lieve that he kin roar,
'Nd chases us right out uv the door—

Uncy.

He likes the girls—Polly 'nd Sue,
'Nd gives 'em chewing-gum ter chew,
'Nd holds 'em on his lap—he do—

Uncy.

Our Ma 'nd him had the same mother,
He says, 'nd that they loved each n'other,
'Nd that he's mother's li'l brother—

Uncy.

O Unc's as funny as he kin be,
He jest loves li'l boys like me,
'Nd us is glad when us kin see—

Uncy.

BATHS

What are baths for anyway?
That's what I'd like to say,
You take one and it's no time when,
You have to take a'nuther again.

I hate, I do, the sights of tubs,
And it is awful the way ma rubs,
It hurts, besides—it's no time when,
You have to take a'nuther again.

Aw—what's the use of baths and tubs,
And towels to give you scrubs and rubs?
Baths—they don't last—for it's no time when,
You have to take a'nuther again.

NOBODY CARES

I'm 'bout as cross as a bear could be,
'Cause nobody seems to care about me.
I tin-canned the dog's tail and shower-bathed the cat,
And threw a little apple that knocked off an old man's hat,
And when Sis's beau came up to call,
Poured m'lasses in his rubbers that were standing in the hall.
I caught a mouse—the thing was dead—
And put it up in Mother's bed,
And our hired girl just scowls at me,
'Cause I put pepper in her tea.
And Uncle Bob says I ain't right,
Cause —— rubber gum was in his pipe,
And Pa ain't speaking any more
'Cause I told Ma I heard him swore.
I tell you what—it's lonesome round,
Bet I'm the lonesomest boy in town.
I'm awful cross—I know I be,
'Cause Nobody seems to care 'bout me.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

When all is dark and still on earth,
The children of the Night
Come out into their playground fair,
And play till it is light.

They skip and dance together,
Play Peek-a-Booh with me—
How I would like to run away
And with those children be!

But little girls and little boys
Can only watch them play;
For the children of the Night
Are the twinkling Stars, they say.

Perhaps, though, we won't mind so much,
I think we won't, don't you—
If Stars will not forget to play
The game of Peek-a-Booh?

WHEN TEN

When a boy is ten, he doesn't care
About the combing of his hair,
Nor about the freckles on his nose,
Nor how many holes are in his hose;
He doesn't care if his ears aren't clean,
He doesn't care if girls call him mean,
It's different now than it was then,

When ten.

The times we played hookey at school,
To swim all day in some old pool;
The apples that we used to steal,
To re-inforce our latest meal;
The spit-balls that we used to shoot;
The stuff we'd trade so much to boot;
Time works us now, but it played with us then,

When ten.

Gee! how we used to tease the girls,
A pulling their pig-tails and their curls;
And in old barns we'd give a show,
So many pins if you wanted to go;
And the way we'd fight, till black and blue;
You'd black me and I'd blue you;
We're at it, different now than then,

When ten.

Could time but take us back on its way,
To the land of ten again just for to-day;
To the boy-time and joy-time and fun-time of life,
So free from all sorrow and worry and strife;
To the home life of Boyville; where we used to be,
Before we embarked on the great Life Sea,
So different now than it was then,

When ten.

YESTERDAY LAND

There's a country nearby called the Yesterday Land,
That borders the land of To-day,
And out from the town of Yesterday Land,
There stretches a long highway;
A highway that's dotted with sunshine and shade,
With guide posts to point the way,
This highway that leads from Yesterday Land,
And ends in the land of To-day.

In Yesterday Land there were golden dreams
Of the things that were to be;
There was hope and youth and joy and love,
And a port for our ships at sea,
But when we once left the Yesterday Land,
On the trail of the long highway,
We crossed the border of Yesterday Land,
And came to the Land of To-day.

And when we leave the Yesterday Land,
We never return, they say;
We close the gates of Yesterday Land,
As we strike the long highway;
The highway that's dotted with sunshine and shade,
With its years, that point the way,
Life's highway that leaves the Yesterday Land,
And ends in the land of To-day.

Ah! I know a lane running back to that land,
Trailing back from the land of To-day;
A by-path it is, but we travel it oft,
The by-path of Memory Way.

TO THOSE BEREFT OF LOVED ONES IN THE
SINKING OF THE TITANIC
April 15th, 1912

O hearts bowed down in sorrow,
For thy loved ones out at sea,
The Pilot of the Soul e'er guides
To the best that is yet to be,
And the lives that are hushed to slumber,
On the bosom of the deep,
Have anchored out from the Shore of Life,
To rest in the Sea of Sleep.

—Would I could pen this wondrous sight
Of Nature from the mountain height—

Mountain of Mine—Thine eyes that see,
If eyes thou hast, lend them to me;
Arms that so strong and safely hold,
A valley wide within their fold;
The wonders of a throbbing ground;
The heart of Nature all around.
Let me behold the Valley's care,
And breathe with Thee, thy mountain air,
Hast Thou a soul—a Mountain heart?
Give unto me—of them, a part.
The Mountain heard that eager cry,
My soul was lifted to its sky,
And eyes beheld with vision wide,
Vales within valleys and hills beside;
And meadow land measuring miles of green,
With cool swaying woods and watery sheen,
Endless in length and from side to side,
The hand of Nature reaching wide;
A bold relief of blue piled high,
Far-distanted against the sky;
A sky that drops its curtain down,
And gathers in the valley town,
That nestles near the Mountain side,
Secure and safe though ills betide,
But who can know all the Valley holds
And all the Mountain soul unfolds,
Or pen, or paint this wondrous sight
Of nature from the Mountain height?

LIFE'S PLAYERS

—All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players—
Shakespeare.

Life is a Stage—each plays his rôle,
But God who knows us through and through,
Knows what is in the player's soul,
Knows well each purpose true.
There is no life without some pang,
That it is called to brave,
And many are the rôles played,
From the cradle to the grave;
So mask we each our griefs away,
And mask we will, and mask we may;
It is the way Life's Players play.

THE CLOSED GARDEN

I knew a garden long ago,
With blossoms rich and rare;
Tended it was through every hour,
Wrought with but skilful care.

It smiled, this garden long ago;
Gladdened and cheered were you,
Who lingered at the garden gate,
And watched the smile come through.

But they, who once had gazed within;
Refreshed, as the garden smiled,
Years after at a garden gate,
Desolate, waste, and wild—
Beheld a garden, but no one knew,
The garden, where the smile came through.

And love that keeps our gardens bright,
And in the years betakes its flight;
Bereft and lonely and waste and wild,
Are found the gardens, that once have smiled.

Behold—the garden west!

There is a garden in the west to-night,
It blooms in colors rare;
It stretches wide from side to side,
And shows a wondrous care,
In rainbow hues—
Green, gold, and blues,
Behold—the garden west!
I turn and lo—
In rainbow folds,
The Sun is lulled to rest.

PROSES

—To-night I would sleep not; for a skyful of stars I have jilted Sleep. I feel capricious. I would do playful nonsense. Let me watch the mischief of the Stars, their twinkling eyes that tease the Earth shall tell me.

—In jagged outline, alone; guard to the day; sentry to the night; silhouetted black against the canvas of the low sunk sun; bereft of all its kin; without melody, for upon it the Wind has ceased to play—but all who pass that way, as twilight hour relieves the day, behold with reverent devotion—expression of the Soul's emotion—clear against the skyline, a jagged outline of a lonely pine, and beholding, they pause and pass on.

—With the waking of the thrush and lark, give me to behold the young morning. In the chamber of the east, the somber shades are lifted, and one by one night's twinkling stars put out, and rising from its couch of sleep, it splashes in a flood of color; coming forth refreshed, radiant, and smiling.

Another Day.

—The Sky has gone to war. There is conflict between light and darkness; light is conquering; darkness is pierced again and again by sabers of light, that flash in zigzag streaks against the blackness of the night, then light recedes, and out of the struggle we behold darkness conquering light, and then, through the rumble of the battle, light flashes wide filling the valley. For hours the conflict rages; earth beholds the marvels of its beauty. It produces no blood shed. Light is untouched; darkness unharmed; beauty alone is shed in the sky, but on the earth, deep in the valley, the Storm has conquered a life. Death claims the victory and the clouds of night burst forth in tears.

—There is perfume in the air, the blue is fragrant everywhere; the plain its loneliness forgets, the while it holds the violets. There was a species rare, purchased with much money. The seeds were planted carefully and watched and tended, but the wind, in a playful mood, chased them away from their garden beautiful, and as time passed by in years, the lonely plain drew unto itself in the springtime beauty and fragrance and the love of little children. It held the violets.

—This I would make my Lyric and thus I would sing
my Song.—

—Ever to be conscious of the power outside of me that is my God; to share with a world of living men and women and little children all that of me is my treasure; to be glad and to make merry; to comfort and cheer; to uplift and encourage; to respect and revere; to recognize in each and all some reflection of the Infinite; and ever to possess a broad and genial outlook upon life and upon those who live it. This I would make my Lyric and thus I would sing my Song.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 926 893 7

